



SOME EASTER ERRORS. A STUDY OF HATS.

Glyte as a Modern Belle.

My Glyte in the corner stands
In marble white and cold;
Her wavy locks sweep backward o'er
A brow of queenly mould.
She seems just from the Lotus land
As on that classic day
When she was struck by magic from
The flowers of Thetis.

But as I watch her there upon
Her couch of state and ease,
With golden shoulders royal arched
And virgin bosom bare,
I can't help thinking Glyte is
A very modern belle.
And in some opera box would be
The sweetest of the swell.

'Tis true she sports no crown
Of diamonds much discussed,
Nor ruby ornaments—'you see
She's only on a loan;
But as a type of Mayfair belle
She well could take her part;
A royal pose, a stony stare,
And—such a marble heart.

R-r-revenge.

TURNEDOWN—That Happiman simply drives me frantic with his incessant rubbing it in.
TURNUPPE—What do you mean, old man?
TURNEDOWN—You know that he married the girl that I wanted myself.

TURNUPPE—Yes.
TURNEDOWN—Well, he's always bragging about his comfortable home and boasting about the delicious meals his cook gets up, and advising me to follow his example and get married. But I'll get even, I swear I will. I'll beat up his comfortable home and delicious meals.

TURNUPPE—Steady, old man, you don't mean what you say.

TURNEDOWN—I do, too. I'll begin to-day.
TURNUPPE—Then I must ask you not to know me after this, and I shall warn Happiman what a scoundrel you are. Although I don't think you can ever succeed in your nefarious design—but she never knows what a woman will do, and even such a pitiful villain as you might succeed in compromising her, no matter how innocent.

TURNEDOWN—Compromising her? Why, I shall marry her.

TURNUPPE—Is it possible that you really contemplate murder? Come, you're surely joking now.

TURNEDOWN—Never more earnest in my life. But I don't understand who I am going to murder.

TURNUPPE—Happiman, of course. You can't marry her while he's living, you know.

TURNEDOWN—Are you a driving idiot?

TURNUPPE—No sir. Neither am I a scoundrelly lackanape who will deliberately plot and scheme to win a wife's affections away from her husband.

TURNEDOWN—What are you hinting at, sir?

TURNUPPE—Didn't you just swear that you would break up Happiman's home?

TURNEDOWN—No, I never did. I swore I'd beat up his comfortable and delicious meals, and so I will. I'll marry his cook to-day if she'll have me.

Correcting Errors.

EDITOR—Your poem descriptive of the ball and supper bears a slight defect. You make "cane noir" rhyme with Terpsichore. The accent on the latter word is on the second syllable.

POET—All right. Make the other word chicer. Let's have everything correct.

Not So Terrible After All.

"Madam, there has been a terrible accident! Your husband fell downstairs and—"

"How you frightened me! I thought somebody had punctured my tire."

One Thing in Common.

DINKS—Did it ever strike you that poets, dress-makers and alchemists have one thing in common?

BOTTS—No, what?

DINKS—They all manufacture dreams.

How He Won Her.

"No, Jack, I cannot be your wife."
The tone in which sweet Kittle Charmynge uttered the above sad and solemn verbiage was replete with firmness and finality. It was plainly evident to the most superficial observer that she had issued an ultimatum and that she secretly harbored no intention whatever of making a single alteration or amendment to the purpose of her stern decree. What mattered it if the fond heart palpitating so incessantly beneath its snow-white covering did become a fitting candidate for the repair shop because of this uncompromising determination? What mattered it if the future did loom up before her mind's eye painted o'er with dark and sombre colors? In short, what mattered it if she did love the man who had just asked her to be his? Such trifles as these were not to be considered for a moment when placed in juxtaposition with that high ideal principle which had become the guiding star of her life from the very moment when she had read the first line of her first love story years ago. No, Kittle Charmynge was not the girl to sacrifice a sacred tenet for a mere craving of the flesh, and when the crucial hour had come she hesitated not a second to immolate her happiness on the altar of principle.

To the young man kneeling before her the words came as the death knell of cherished hopes. Only a few brief minutes had sprinkled their own ashes on the towering ash heap of the past since he had felt his bosom swell with tumultuous joy at the bright dreams of future bliss. Now all those phantom pictures had vanished, and life had suddenly become a drear and worthless waste.

He slowly arose, and turned to her a haggard face on which the grim goddess of despair had set her seal.

"You have pronounced my sentence. Miss Charmynge," he said in broken accents, "and I will not ask you to revoke it, for I feel that such an appeal would be useless. But won't you tell me before we part, perhaps forever, why it is that you refuse me?"

"Certainly I will, Jack," responded the beautiful girl. "It is for the simple reason that I vowed years ago to wed none but a man who was brave and clever. I consider it my duty to remain true to my solemn vow."

A gleam of hope shot athwart his sorrow-laden soul.

"But surely you have not forgotten," he cried, "how I saved you from drowning when our boat upset last summer?"

Her sweet face grew strangely white as she recalled this circumstance, and the sublime heroism that the man before her had then displayed.

"No," she replied slowly and painfully. "I have not forgotten. That deed of yours was a truly brave one, Jack; but it was by no means when I would call clever."

He moved a step nearer the lovely maid, then bent his head and whispered in a low, ecstatic tone:

"But I upset the boat on purpose."

Jack: My darling!

Knew What He Meant.

"I want to sue the Mayor for \$10,000 damages for libel," said the Alderman.

"What did he do?" asked the lawyer.

"When he appointed me on the committee to look into the fountainhead bend street he asked me if I remembered the old adage."

"What adage?"

"He didn't say, but I know he meant 'Get a thief to catch a thief.'"

Discouragement.

Oh, let me tell the story old
To her with pleading wit,
Let diffidence for once be bold
And give to Love some gift.

Put on my tongue a fitting phrase
That she may bear my prayer,
And on my fond heart turn her gaze
To read the secret there.

"Oh, give me words," I sadly sigh,
Just to begin it fit;
And Echo seems to make reply,
"Begin it (C)—in it (C)—end it."

The Spanish Dancer.

Charmours of romance attend her;
Hints of Andalusian splendor;
Cigarettes and love sighs tender
All about her quiver
When she dances the bolero;
Thus the dark-eyed maids of Cairo,
Or the señoritas away so
On the Guadalquivir.

At her figure's rhythmic motion
Flies my fancy o'er the ocean,
As I drink the witching potion
That her bright eyes bring.
Memories of days in Seville,
Nights of fondances and revel,
All those nets cast by the devil
While the guitars ring.

I said to her: "Canta mis
Baila noche y la día
Pienso por ti—querida
Usada no a mí?"
I thought her native tongue would please her;
She said: "See here, I'm no greaser;
Don't yet fool with me, I be a
Lady, cully—see?"

She Remembered a Few Things.

"Henry," said Mrs. Bixby the other night when Bixby was reading his paper and feeling at peace with the world, "has General Weyler succeeded in crossing the Schomburgk line yet?"

Bixby smiled and said:

"You've got things mixed, Henrietta. 'The Schomburgk line' is in Venezuela."

"Oh, yes, I forgot. Well, have the Greeks returned that troch to the Sultan of Turkey yet, or were they afraid to come out of Pinar del Rio on account of the triple alliance having captured autonomy?"

"Henrietta," said Bixby, "you ought to read the papers more carefully. I can't explain anything to you unless you have a better idea of things than you seem to have."

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Bixby. "I try so hard to keep posted on the news of the day so I can talk with you about it. I guess I do forget some of it. There seems to be so many nations having war at once. There are the Greeks and the Hellenes and the Greeks and the Turks and the Moslems and the war in the Ottoman Empire, and—"

"Great guns!" said Bixby, "have you lost every grain of sense you ever had? I'll be bound you don't know all about the President's wife's dress being cut—dum-dum or pompadour or whatever you call it if you'd read about it in the paper."

"Josephine's dress," said Mrs. Bixby, rising to her feet indignantly. "I'm surprised at you." Mrs. McKinley's dress was a plain train with groundwork of white satin in lily design with dounce of Venetian points cascaded at bottom slashed half way up right side with light fitting, beaded draped V-shaped on shoulders with Medice collar and double box plait with narrow shirings of mull and finished at the wrists with Vandyke effects lined with pale blue taffeta and front of mousseline de sole embroidered in cut steel and pearls. You ought to read the papers more carefully."

An All-Sufficient Reason.

"No, lady," remarked Mr. Wagoner, as he dexterously slipped the remainder of the pie into his pocket unobserved, "I am truly sorry as I never guessed early—now in any form, whatever, they're dangerous."

"That is right, my good man," said Mrs. Wagoner earnestly. "And what caused you to give them up? Did you realize that they were leading you to perdition?"

"Worse than that, lady. The last time I played a game of cards I found a spade in me hand."

An Attraction to the Cadles.

MR. TRIVVET—I wonder why there were so many ladies at church this morning?

MRS. TRIVVET—It was given out that a bargain collection would be taken up.

MR. TRIVVET—What sort of a collection is that?

MRS. TRIVVET—We were allowed to put nine cents in the basket instead of a dime.

A Deal in Futures.

A faultlessly dressed little man wafted himself into Apache Pete's place of business and picked up a deck of cards that lay on the counter.

"I can tell fortunes," he remarked blandly, shuffling the pasteboards, "and I'll tell yours if you like."

He addressed himself to Old Kanuck, the toughest roach in camp.

"I don't mind, Perfesser," replied Kanuck, giving his pistol belt a hitch. "Foot yer hams!" The Professor finished his shuffling and Kanuck cut.

"There's a red-headed lady," said the Professor, turning over a card.

"Red-headed, eh?"

"Yes," turning over another card. "You're going to marry her."

"Um."

The Professor turned over several more cards.

"She has no money. She's cross-eyed and has a wart on her nose. You'll have two children, twins. The lady's mother will come to live."

"Hold up!" growled Kanuck. "Is she red-headed too?"

"I'll see if I can find out."

"Don't bother yourself. I reckon you've tickered me into about as tough a lay-out as there is this side of the hot place. I don't hear any malice, mind ye, but I'm going to tell your fortune, Savvy?" and Kanuck reached over and poisoned himself of the cards. "Hum!" he muttered, turning over a card. "You ain't going to live long."

He flipped up another. "Goin' ter die sudden."

He turned over several. "Liable to pass in yer cheeks right yere in Apache Pete's place, an'—"

"That was enough. With a cold yell the Professor bolted and dodged out of the door just ahead of a bullet from Kanuck's forty-four."

"Pachie," said Kanuck, dropping the revolver into his belt. "I didn't object to the color of that woman's hair, ner to the cross eye, ner to the wart, but dash my bottom! I'll pick her future. Mrs. Kanuck, if she's goin' to be picked, an' when I find it necessary, ter yell in a moosey-faced, white-livered dude ter help put the finishin' touches to my family circle, it's high time I cashed in an' passed out of the game. Them's my sentiments, ole hoss. Two fingers o' red eye ter wash 'em down!"

How it Was.

"My wife's hamnet only lasted her six weeks."

"How was that?"

"She bought it six weeks before Easter."

A Pointed Question.

"Brudder an' sistahs," began old Pardon Wool, by severely, at the close of the collection taking, "befo' Deacon Slewfoot started to raise de hat I done distrusted him to pay special 'tention to w'at each person put in. 'Cause some o' dem triflin' young brudders has been shakin' dey waz actin' comical in flingin' brass pool chips into de hat. I deas howed to ketch 'em an' make 'em redeem dat brass."

"Accordin' to Brudder Slewfoot done 'ollered my 'structions an' watched de hat like a hawk all de time; an' look 'tender notice how much was flung in. An' now he specifies dat he contents am one dime short, ob w'at it oughter be. Neen none ob yo' look at Brudder Slewfoot datter way, 'cause I done watched him all de time. Now de question is, brudder an' sistahs, who put dat misin' dime in? I don't like to s'plain nobody, but somebody in de congregation am 'sponsible, an' I wants to know who done it."

Mis Call.

He loved her madly
Pray why not?
For the maiden
Had a—

In the parlor—
Heard that hiss—
They look like a
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From her presence
Now he staggers
For her father
Looked like a

A Bonnet from Senegambia.



A Chinese Adaption.



A Reservation Creation.

